

And So They Were Married

Episode Two—(Each Other's Friends)

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR
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CHAPTER X

"Down at Betty's studio!" To Ruth the words were fraught with meaning. "Down at Betty's studio." Her heart was cold before she involuntarily repeated the words aloud. The very coldness of her tone, and the incredulity of her voice, surprised Scott as she said slowly.

"Down at Betty's studio?" "I wonder why you ever changed," Ruth flamed out. "Oh, yes, you can look surprised," she went on, "but I wouldn't have believed you would go there after the way we talked. I wouldn't believe it." Tears were in her eyes and in her eyes, she was trembling all over. The strain on her nerves all through the long wait that night was telling on her now and she was on the verge of one of her emotional outbursts. She had been ashamed of her last one. It had left a feeling of chagrin that she had not been able to wipe out, a feeling of not quite knowing just what memory Scott treasured of the entire thing, but she could no more have stemmed the flood of passion that was sweeping over her now than she could have attempted any impossible feat. Gone were her powers of reasoning, the resolutions she had made to be fair, the conclusion she had come to that Scott had been right in the main. Once more she was fighting for her own way, for the old-fashioned idea of marriage, my friends shall be your friends, and your friends mine, outside of that you shall have no friends. It was this idea that made men deceive their wives; that made them exclaim to other, more fortunate single men, "I can't, I'm married!"

Scott stared in amazement at Ruth convulsed with sobs. The first thing that occurred to him was that she must be ill. That is the first thing that occurs to every man when a woman reacts in a manner that he cannot understand. Men, no matter what else their faults, are strangely direct and cannot understand the underhand methods practiced by women. Their small deceptions, their pettiness, are things that men naturally put

under the category of "womanish!" Why he should have been greeted by this avalanche of tears and this perfect storm of fury because he had announced that he had been down at Betty's studio simply astounded Scott, who could not see that from Ruth's standpoint, once a woman was married to a man, he could not drop in freely to see women who used to be his friends before he was married. Slowly, however, he did understand, that that was what was wrong, and slowly and surely there branded itself on his brain the fact that Ruth was making no effort to understand his nature. In his simple way he tried to reason out what he could say to her that would comfort her and yet not rob him entirely of his dignity. The hardest thing in the world for him to do would be to promise that he would not see these friends of hers if she disapproved. He simply could not do that!

The room was filled with Scott's silence which was as potent as Ruth's own sobbing. There was a measure of aloofness in it that could almost be felt.

"So that was why you wanted to spend an evening away from home, so that you could see those people. You knew that I would have nothing to do with them, so you made time in order to see them alone."

Still not a word from Scott. "And I suppose you will put me in the wrong again exactly as you did last time," Ruth sobbed out.

At this point Scott spoke. "Did I put you in the wrong? I thought you came to me voluntarily. If you want me to quarrel with you and are waiting for that, I'm afraid you will be disappointed. I can't quarrel, I never could. I used to quarrel with my sister long ago; we never could get along, but I never quarreled with any friend and I never thought I could quarrel with you."

Ruth had never met Scott's sister. She was a little older than he was and had married and gone West, but she had never cherished any likelihood of caring for her. From what Scott had told her, Alice was like his mother, positive to

PRESIDENT'S WIFE SETS PRECEDENT



An evening frock in black velvet, with corsage of tulle and jet

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose the point of egotism, practical and efficient. There was nothing of Scott's dreaminess about Alice. Ruth was utterly exhausted. She was

too tired to cry any longer, and yet her nerves racked her almost to frenzy. How could she rest with this unsettled, without some assurance that she would not have to go through everything again? And yet, withal, she loved Scott, loved him a shade too selfishly, but loved him after all with a love that might hold them together if it were not tried too far. Did she love him enough to sacrifice herself for his own good, or for his own pleasure. Ah, no, but then so few women love that way and such love is so seldom appreciated.

"Now I am like Alice," retorted Ruth childishly. "I know just what it means to be like Alice in your eyes; you have told me often enough that you could not hope to get along with her, that she hated you to the point of despair. I am like her now, simply because I resent your adopting the principles and methods of life of these people you insist upon calling your friends. I suppose they made fun of your married life, taunted you with it. I suppose they consider marriage unnecessary in their circles, and wondered how you could ever narrow yourself down to it."

"If it's going to be like this, I don't know that I can," said Scott tensely. And they stood staring at each other, astounded at what had been said, afraid of the gulf that yawned between them.

Tomorrow, Ruth accepts an invitation against her better judgment.

WON'T USE WATER ON FIRE

Abington Plans to Substitute Chemicals—May Remove Mains

Confronted with an increase of 1200 per cent in the cost of water, officials of Abington township at a meeting last night, virtually decided to reorganize the fire department so that chemicals could be used instead of water, and discussed the advisability of tearing out the mains of the Springfield Water Company.

Heretofore the township's water has cost \$1000 annually. This year, according to advices from the water company, it will cost twelve times that sum.

Two more meetings will be held for discussion of the situation, and interested citizens of the township have been invited to participate before action is definitely decided upon.

U. S. SOLDIERS LEFT HOSPITALS BEHIND

American Divisions' Charge at Chateau-Thierry Described by Doctor Le Conte

American divisions at Chateau-Thierry hurled themselves so swiftly against the Germans that their hospital organizations were left far behind, according to Lieutenant Commander Robert G. Le Conte, a naval surgeon of this city, who has just returned home.

On July 18, 1918, described by the surgeon as the turning point of the war, Marshal Foch flung two American divisions and one French division against the enemy. It was the start of the Allied offensive, which never afterward halted.

"Those American boys moved so swiftly and so secretly that they went into the fight without any of the preparations behind the lines that are usually made for the care and reception of the wounded."

"Two operating units from our naval hospital at Brest were summoned by telegraph and reached the little town in which an improvised hospital had been set up. At that time there were already 400 wounded men waiting. Our doctors worked eighteen hours in the tiny operating room until others arrived to relieve them."

Doctor Le Conte showered praise on the Red Cross. Time and time again, he said, it rendered invaluable aid to the army and navy medical authorities.

The surgeon was attached to Navy Base Hospital Unit No. 5, formerly the Methodist Hospital Unit. He said it started with 250 beds and expanded to more than 700.

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VIOLET LED A HOT CHASE

Merchantville Gardens Despoiled While Police Pursuit Is Vain

Transformed without notice from an innocent pig to a real, honest-to-goodness "Jersey devil," Violet, erstwhile property of J. D. Lindley, of Pensauken, is now making life miserable for residents of Merchantville and the vicinity. For three months Lindley cherished and cared for Violet, aiding and abetting her in every manner possible. Until two days ago, when she broke loose from her pen, Violet was a model of piggyishness.

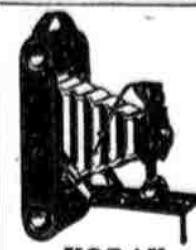
Violet's trip was impromptu, and she had no chance to arrange for accommodations, but nowhere in her brain was any thought of going hungry. Gardens in the vicinity of Merchantville are now contributing to her support—a measure not sanctioned by the owners.

Last night all Merchantville was fanned. Chief William Linderman and six of his patrolmen managed to keep in the same town with Violet, but they never caught up.

Pursued and persecuted, Violet still found time to eat, and among the gardens visited and despoiled by her during the night were the residences of Judge Howard Carrow, the Rev. John Conway, Supreme Court Justice Charles C. Garrison and S. Conrad Ott, referee in bankruptcy.

City Balance, \$15,898,000
The statement of the City Treasurer, Frederick J. Shoyer, shows that the receipts amounted to \$1,494,988.29 and

the payments to \$1,455,084.77, while with the sum on hand last week, not including the sinking fund account, left a balance of \$18,898,377.04 at the close of business Wednesday.



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Gold Key Rings	\$8.00 to \$15.00
Gold Signet Rings	\$8.00 to \$75.00
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Gold Vest Chains	\$8.00 to \$40.00
Platinum & Pearl Vest Chains	\$80.00 to \$100.00
Sterling Cigarette Cases	\$8.00 to \$30.00
Silver & Gold Cigarette Cases	\$25.00 to \$75.00
Gold Cigarette Cases	\$85.00 to \$175.00
Evening Dress Sets	\$10.00 to \$200.00
Gold Knives	\$12.00 to \$20.00
Military Brushes	\$12.00 to \$25.00
Wrist Watches	\$22.00 to \$100.00
Watches, 14-kt.	\$40.00 to \$300.00
Platinum Watches	\$250.00 to \$400.00
Gold Match Boxes	\$35.00 to \$60.00
Silver Novelties	\$1.50 to \$10.00

Feminine Suggestions

Platinum & Diamond Bar Pins	\$35.00 to \$1500.00
Platinum & Diamond Rings	\$90.00 to \$4000.00
Diamond Lavallieres in Platinum	\$75.00 to \$1000
Flexible Bracelets, Diamond and Platinum	\$85.00 to \$1000.00
Lorgnons, Platinum and Diamond	\$200.00 to \$500.00
Brooches, Diamonds and Platinum	\$100.00 to \$1100.00
Pearl Necklaces	\$200.00 to \$7500.00
Sautoir Chains, Platinum and Diamonds	\$195.00 to \$900.00
Diamond and Platinum Wrist Watches	\$400.00 to \$900.00
Wrist Watches, Gold	\$35.00 to \$150.00
Fine Mesh Vanity Bags	\$100.00 to \$400.00
Unusual Vanity Cases, Gold	\$85.00 to \$250.00
Gold Bar Pins, with Sapphires	\$8.00 to \$35.00
Green Gold Flexible Bracelets	\$18.00 to \$100.00
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Derive Boxes, Engine Turned and Jeweled	\$35.00 to \$150.00



This torpedo hit an author

There happened to be a writer on board the SS. Laconia when she was torpedoed.

So now you can learn how it feels to be dumped into the Atlantic Ocean two hundred miles from shore at ten thirty on a winter night.

The writer was Floyd Gibbons, the well known war correspondent. The story¹ he tells in the January American Magazine is one breathless thrill.

Hundreds of Americans have had this grim experience, but if there hadn't been at least one good describer among the lot, you would have missed this first hand information.

1 "At that Moment the Torpedo Hit Us," by Floyd Gibbons.

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